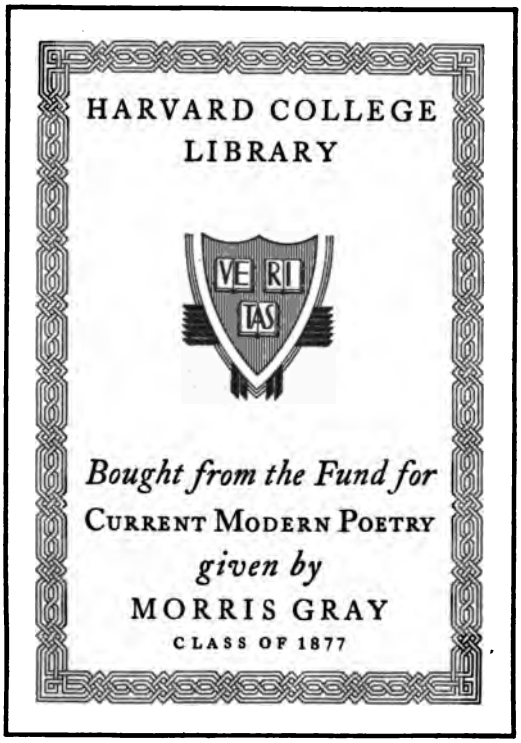
SHE PLANTED A GARDEN

Albert L. Berry



She Planted A Garden

BY

ALBERT L. BERRY

If shadowy playmates of the sun,
  Across your pathway dance all day,
You may not need a song or verse
  To drive the fretful cares away.

But if the day is cold and dark
  And in your heart is not a song,
The cawing of a homely rook
  May help the old world jog along.

READERS of Mr. Albert L. Berry's "A Book of Common Verse," will welcome the announcement of a new volume from his pen, entitled "She Planted a Garden."

This book deals with the garden, the fields and the woods, and the verses breathe the joy of life in the open, and the companionship of the birds and flowers, and all living, growing things. A book to take to the country in summer, and to read before the fireside in winter.

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

A BOOK OF COMMON VERSE

by

ALBERT L. BERRY

Chicago: 1914. Cloth, $1.00 net postpaid;

A FEW COMMENTS

A collection of homely verse that will find an answering response in every lover of really good poetry. —*Buffalo Courier.*

An odd little volume comes to us entitled "A Book of Common Verse." There are things in the pretty little book which the late Madison Cawein might proudly have fathered —which Edward Rowland Sill would have loved. —*St. Louis Republic.*

The poems almost without exception the very best that have come to our table either in book form or as contributions, since one can remember. —*The Christian Advocate.*

A book of bright little poems. Not heavy in composition, and by no means light in thought or style. Just bright, interesting, happy reflections, meditations and descrip-

tions. A fine little gift book for a good friend whom you would remind of your love and good will. —*The Outlook.*

The poems may be "Common," but if so it is in the sense that it is the common things that go straight to the heart.

—*Detroit Journal.*

This book is named "A Book of Common Verse," but it should have been called "A Book of Rare Verse." We wish we could lay it upon the porch table of every bungalow nestling on the mountain side, and within reach of the hand of everyone seeking quiet in the home library.

—*Young Peoples Magazine.*

In Albert L. Berry's "Book of Common Verse" there is the spirit of poetry ill clad but radiant. "The World Made Anew" is primitive poetry, a description of morning in the world and in the heart. The words are separated clumsily into lines, but they form prose that in sound is equal to any save the richest treasures of English literature. Some passages are beautifully poetic.

—*Chicago Daily News.*

James Lane Allen says "I have read with much interest and pleasure a little 'Book of Common Verse.' It is original and charming."

A beautiful book of poems by Albert L. Berry of unusual charm. "A Reverie" is a real gem. Its closing stanza is worth knowing:

"And I saw the winds on tiptoe run
Across the shimmering deep.
But faith on the waves walked firmly
And the sea went back to sleep."

—*The Tribune.*

A Critic says of Mr. Berry's "Book of Common Verse" that President Hodge of Princeton once wrote "Confine your composition to words of one syllable as far as possible; if you must use two syllables do so only when a word of one syllable will not express your meaning. Avoid words of three syllables as far as possible. Longfellow's 'The Arrow and the Song' which will live longer than any other American verse ('Thanatopsis' excepted) has eighty-eight words, seventy-seven of which have only one syllable and only two of three syllables." This is what Mr. Berry has evidently tried to do. The verses are musical and there is no hard labored effort but the overflow of a poetic nature.

The Garden, the Fields and the Woods

SHE PLANTED A GARDEN

ALBERT L. BERRY

For Sale by
A. C. McClurg & Co.
CHICAGO

TO HER WHO PLANTED THE GARDEN

To you who do not know her
Still her heart is open wide;
And you who really know her
Will find your love inside.

Lady June Is Coming

She is coming, she is coming,
  All the dogwood's flags are spread;
Fen and woods have laid a carpet
  For her dainty feet to tread.

She is coming, she is coming,
  Down beneath the sullen sod
Every loom is now a-spinning
  With the patterns fresh from God.

All the tulip's lamps are lighted
  And the wild-thorns chandelier;
Every blue-bell now is ringing,
  For the daffodils are here.

She is coming, she is coming,
  Hear the brown-thrush roundelay,
And the blue-jay, with his bag-pipe,
  Screaming loud to clear the way.

She is coming, she is coming,
  Swiftly now her heralds run,
With the buglers of the mountains,
  On the riders of the sun.

SHE PLANTED A GARDEN

She planted a garden and it grew through the years;
'Twas nourished with prayers, 'twas watered with tears;
'Twas a garden of kindness, of thought and of deeds,
And she bound it with love like a rosary of beads.

She planted a garden in the world's doubting heart,
And faith grew again in love's counterpart;
And the blossoms of hope and the fragrance of prayer
Ran over its walls and spread everywhere.

O garden of promise, O garden of tears,
O garden where love blooms all through the years,
O garden of faith, O garden of strife—
The world is her garden and love is her life.

THE FORERUNNER

There is no pulsing of the forest brown,
And mountain tops are bleak and gray;
The trees' cold fingers all are dripping wet;
The housedog shivers as he stops to bay.

A robin comes and dances all alone,
From pathless way a brown thrush wings his flight.
The sun drops down between the trees at noon,
The crocus signal fires again to light.

The hyacinth, her lamp still burning low,
Sits all alone beneath her roof of sod,
And keeps her little flame a vesper lamp,
And waits to hear the whispering voice of God.

But lo! A mucky leaf is stirring now—
A face as pure as consecrated nun—
The fair arbutus throws her window up,
Her finger tips reach out and touch the Sun.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

I know a cottage garden fair,
    Far down beside the restless sea,
There in my tired hours I sit,
    And dream the dreams that cannot be.

I hear the bugling bluejays call;
    The tom-tit comes to preen his wing;
Down by the shore the kildees cry,
    And in the meadows kinglets sing.

And here I come my dreams to mend,
    And throw the world's control aside,
To brim my cup with visions new,
    And feel the turning of the tide.

'NEATH THE SUNFLOWER'S TENT

Have you never had a garden
Where the hollyhocks grow tall,
And their many colored windows,
Overlook your garden wall?

Where the purple morning glory,
With his trumpet calls the Sun,
And the primrose stands and listens
Like a little white-capped nun.

Where the Sweet pea climbs the fences,
All her fragrance to unfold,
And the daisies tell your fortune
'Neath the Sunflower's tent of gold.

Where the iris builds her castles,
And the peony lifts her dome,
And the myrtle quilts the pathway,
To the doorsteps of your home.

If you have not such a garden,
Tapestried with flowers gay,
Though you have the wealth of India,
Half your life is thrown away.

"WHO IS COMING?"

"Who is coming?" said the crocus,
As she poked her golden head
From beneath the old earth's cover,
As she scrambled out of bed.

"Who is coming?" said the violet,
As she peeped from 'neath the sod
Lifted by the tender fingers,
Of the ever present God.

"Who is coming?" said the tulip,
As she threw her shutters wide,
And the jonquils stood on tiptoe
Looking out on every side.

"Who is coming?" said the myrtle,
As she ran along the fence,
In her mouth a tiny blossom
As the winter's recompense.

"Who is coming?" said the cowslip,
With her golden buckled shoes,
And the bluebells all were ringing
For they too, had heard the news.

Then a little wind came running,
Puffing breaths of summer air,
"'Tis the sunshine that is coming,
And it's coming everywhere."

THE LOST PLUME

A wild bird came to my garden wall,
On her head was a golden cap;
A wild bird's song she sang to me,
And a feather she flung in my lap.

"Come, live with me," I said to the bird,
"Why sing to the woods alone?
Come, build your nest in my hawthorne bush,
And make my heart your home."

"I love the woods," the wild bird said,
"Their temples were built for me;
I love to hear the rhythmic song
Of the brooks as they trot to the sea,"

"I love to sing in the great tall pines,
Though their limbs are bare to the bone.
For I know that God is listening,
Though I sing there all alone."

"My home is curtained with green each year,
And never a door is latched;
The old moon's lamp hangs on my porch,
And my roof with stars is thatched."

So away flew the bird to the lonely wood,
But her charm did not depart;
I lost the plume she flung to me,
But her song is still in my heart.

A TABLE SPREAD FOR TWO

"Stay a moment," says the pansy,
"Ere you hurry to the street,
I've a blossom I would give you,
That I've filled with fragrance sweet."

"Stay a moment," says the tulip,
"I've a chalice filled with dew,
And the snowdrop here is waiting,
With a string of pearls for you."

"And the violet too is waiting,
Wearing such a pretty frock,
And the sweet peas with their ringlets,
Climbing up the hollyhock,"

And a primrose, O so dainty
Says, "A cup of tea I'll brew,
If you'll wait I'll spread my table,
Spread it big enough for two."

And a little honeysuckle,
Says she knows 'twill be no sin,
If she twines herself about me,
Just enough to hug me in.

O, how many, many children,
In love's garden as we go
Call to us with laughing voices,
"Do not hurry, hurry so."

THE DANCE OF THE FLOWERS

'Twas early dawn; the winds were asleep,
And the silvery mist from below,
Hung like the banners of the sea,
Or a veil of powdered snow.

The dainty fingers of the dawn,
Strung pearls upon the flowers,
And cunning spiders quilted nets
In all the nooks and bowers.

The golden moss with yellow sleeves,
Ran all along the wall,
And told the thistles in the street
"We're going to have a ball."

A trumpet flower his bugle blew,
And the opening march called out,
An aster white and scarlet thyme
Were waltzing all about.

A jonquil threw her purse of gold
Down in a larkspur's lap,
And danced a reel with a dahlia grand,
While a sunflower held her cap.

A silken poppy with crinkled gown,
Came in with a lordly stock,
But the way she leaned upon his arm,
Gave the chaperons a shock.

A primrose in her slippers white,
And a violet with apron of blue,
Each wore a rosary of pearls,
All made from the crystal dew.

The feathery pink went sweeping by,
Holding up her silken skirt,
While a meadow-rue looked up in her face,
She's such a dainty flirt.

The sweet peas with their phrygian caps,
Were leaning o'er the gate,
To gossip with the hollyhocks
Who also came in late.

Then a sunbeam opened its yellow purse,
And his riches threw o'er the wall,
The flowers all scrambled to pick up the gold,
And that ended their charming ball.

THE KEEPER OF THE GOLD

I watched the quiet twilight come out of the tent at night,
Her nimble fingers gathering gold that day had left in flight,
She hid her rosy treasure 'neath the evening's dark'ning fold;
And the stars with twinkling torches came searching for her gold,
But they never found her riches, and when the hills were gray,
She threw her gold far o'er the east, and vanished with the day.

MY SUMMER GARDEN

Along the walk she flames in royal pride—
The marigold, with yellow ruffles wide,
And, with a scornful smile, looks down
As primrose fair puts on her dainty gown.

The honeysuckle peeps through lattice old,
And lifts her cup, all spun of finest gold.
A damask rose that leaned against the wall,
Sweet william sees, then lets her kerchief fall.

The hollyhocks, with badges white and red,
Have reared their temples where the flowers wed.
Old fashioned pinks, and ox-eye daisies tall
Have naught to wear at periwinkle's ball.

The royal coxcomb, and the lovely stocks
Make love to poppies shy, in crinkled frocks.
The cool moon flower shuts her bloom from sight,
And leaves the key alone with silv'ry night.

So grows my garden 'neath the summer sky,
And sheds no tears, though death is drawing nigh.

THE FLIGHT OF AUTUMN

'Tis now September's golden prime,
    At eve the piping quails come near;
The thistle tos't her crown afar,
    Into the mellow atmosphere.

And o'er the hills the autumn comes,
    With sandals made of brightest gold,
Leaving her foot-prints in the field,
    In forest deep and fen and wold.

The leaves are palsied on the trees,
    And spirit-like the haze drifts low;
Along the fences and the fields
    Like sentry stands the golden glow.

But now the frost with savage breath
    And cutlass whetted by the night
Strips all the gold from field and wood—
    And sandalled autumn puts to flight.

THE CROWN ON THE CLOVER

Who gives the crown to the clover,
The gold to the meadow weeds?
Who hangs upon the barberry bush
Its rosary of beads?

Who powders the hills with silver,
And carpets the heaven with gold?
Who lights the night-flies sparkling lamps,
And carries the stars in His fold?

'Tis He who rounds the planets,
And guides them in their flight;
'Tis He who moulds the tear-drop
That sorrow sheds at night.

Here in His great cathedral
Its golden lighted dome,
I worship with a thousand worlds,
And feel myself at home.

ANOTHER DAY

A cool white mist comes from the ocean gray,
And curtains all the meads within the fold;
The sweetness of the common dawn I feel—
The meadow songs that never will grow old.

A breath like winter comes from mountain tops,
And chills the pearls now strung upon the vine;
The ragged moon begs at the door of morn;
The white lips of the dawn are touching mine.

The sea-white banners from the valleys rise,
Their fleecy garments trailing o'er the green;
They skirt the woods, then up the mountain climb,
And wave their plumes, then drift away unseen.

And now, the long white fingers of the dawn,
With golden key, unlocks the door of day,
And o'er the world the sun now spreads her gold,
And richer is for what she throws away.

IN THE FIELDS WE WENT A-WALKING

My daughter and I went walking—
Her little hand in mine;
"I'm keeping step," she said to me,
Though running half the time.

Away in the fields we wandered,
A gold-crest sang us a song;
In the woods the partridges a-drumming,
And the sun-beams following along.

The dogwood threw us her blossoms,
The laurel was flowering anew;
On the leaf of a wild rose was written,
"I'd like to go walking with you."

The tad-poles frolicked in marshes;
And frogs were beginning to cry;
The kildees and plover a-mating,
And wild geese flying high.

Up the mountain's steep we struggled—
The portals of day still ajar—
On the rim of the moon was a promise,
Below was the peep of a star.

Now alone I walk through the moorland;
The moon is crossing the bar,
No hand to my own is clinging,
And gone is the peep of the star.

THE GRISLED FOREST

I love the grisled forest lone and deep,
Whistling at night to put itself to sleep;
I love the maddened winds when in their flight,
I hear them cry like famished wolves at night.

I love the lisping poplars tall and bare,
The swaying grasses bowing low in prayer,
A field of ragged cornstalks growing old,
Like half clad beggars shivering in the cold.

I love the lowing herd—their far-off call,
The cawing rooks on some deserted wall;
The glooming owl with eyes like golden beads,
The lonely crane low-flagging o'er the meads.

I love the farmhouse with its far-off light,
Its crippled gate that grinds its teeth at night,
The tinkling bell like some far distant rune,
The lonely watch-dog baying at the moon.

O, grisled forest shivering field and wold
O, lowing herd and farm-house lone and cold,
Thy winter bleakness to my heart is dear,
And all thy melodies I love to hear.

A GARDEN OLD

I know a garden over-grown with vine.
With fragrant musk-rose and with columbine;
Where honey-suckle mends with threads of gold
The ragged hedge and crumbling wall grown old;
Where stately asters court the meadow-rue
And shirley poppies tell their dreams to you;
Where fluttering sweat-peas spread their wings of white
And snow-drops throw away their pearls at night;
Where thistles in the corner often tell
How sweetly chimes the canterburybell.

There, golden sandalled shadows dance with light,
And loitering twilight shuts the gates of night.

OCTOBER

The forests now all wear their Autumn dress
Of gold and red in Nature's loveliness.
The restless leaves the calling winds await
To romp and spin and cuddle 'neath the gate.

Now little whisps of hay lay on the field
And scattered cornstalks tell of harvest yield.
The mullen stalks are seared and bare and gray
Like altar candles where the grasses pray.

Gold-footed runs the sun where e'er I go
And lifts my soul beyond life's ebb and flow:
And through the fields and woods I jog along
While wayside minstrels fill my life with song.

THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS

O, royal tulip with thy cruse of gold
Thy torch was burning ere the earth was cold;
And star of Bethlehem with face so fair,
When was thy chalice filled with fragance rare?
And sweet rhodora in thy sylvan home,
Who flamed the delta ere there was a Rome,
And thou, fair lotus, 'neath the Nile hast bloomed
Ere Egypt flourished or great Thebes was doomed;
Thou lowly violet, with thy cape of blue;
Pharaoh's fair daughter must have courted you,
And flaming bush that blooms so near the sod,
We bow to thee who heard the voice of God.

EVENTIDE

How quiet is this hour of eventide
When, spirit-like, a calm broods o'er the field:
The tented shocks of corn like wigwams stand
Deserted now, 'reft of their summer yield.

The winds tiptoe across the scented grass,
A softer glow falls on the distant hill;
A purple haze hangs in the vale below
And all is hushed and holy, calm and still.

A mountain hymn comes softly through the trees
A tired mother bows her head in prayer:
Soft eyes are slumbering; while the watcher dreams
Night's comfort comes, and love and faith are there.

Now quivering comes a dimly lighted star
Hung on the porch of heaven's distant gray
Then grows the light as if 'twere closer pushed
That through the darkness we might see our way.

THE SONGS OF SUMMER

Go, listen to the music of the garden,
When murmuring bees are courting flowers rare;
When humming birds on membraned wings are singing,
And all the songs of Summer fill the air.

Go, listen to the whispering of the grasses,
As low they sing their sarabands of old—
The lowland music from the fen and moorland,
The cradle-songs from off the mystic wold.

Go, where the brooks their castanets are clicking,
With mountain songs they hurry to the sea,
Singing to woods and fields and meadows.
Attuned to all their wildwood minstrelsy,

Go, listen to the music of the forests,
When night winds on the tree-harps play;
Go hear the litanies on the hill tops,
And throw my feeble, lisping songs away.